



STATE
NORMAL
SCHOOL
FARMVILLE, VA.

M.E. Granger

JANUARY, 1919

—THE—
FOCUS





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THE FOCUS

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The Princess that Rocked in the Wind

ONCE upon a time there lived a King and Queen whom all their subjects loved. They were good and kind, but so lazy and careless that nothing in the kingdom prospered. Matters went from bad to worse, until the fairies that ruled over the kingdom decided that something must be done. So they called a council of all the fairies and talked the matter over. Finally the Wisest Fairy of all, who was quite bent with the weight of her wisdom, thought of a plan.

"We will take the little Princess away," said she, "for she is the thing dearest to the hearts of the King and Queen."

This they did. One day, when the King and Queen were strolling in the palace garden and all the lords and ladies were begging them to come in and attend to the affairs of state, an oriole flew in at the palace window.

When it flew out again it had the little Princess under one of its strong wings, and only her beautiful golden hair showed. When the oriole flew over the garden with her, the King and Queen and all the lords and ladies were horror-stricken. The King looked up, and held his head back so far that his golden crown fell off and went spinning down the path. The Queen stumbled over her velvet gown, and the Grand Duke could only say, "Bless my soul! What can be done?" They were all certainly very stupid.

The oriole flew away with the little Princess until he came to his nest, that hung high in a tree. The

oriole's wife was far cleverer than the Grand Duke. She did not dream of saying, "Bless my soul." You see she trusted her husband completely, so she took the little Princess without a question.

"Her eyes are as blue as the marguerites in the meadow," said she. "We will call her Marguerite."

Little Marguerite lived in the nest a long time, then she began to be so tall that the nest was uncomfortably tight, and she began to long to see the outside world. The oriole and his wife flew away every day and left her, but in the evening they returned and told about the wonderful things they had seen during the day. Sometimes they had only been flying about the door of some humble shoemaker, sometimes they had been pecking at crumbs in the palace courtyard.

The Princess liked best to hear about their visits to the palace, though she did not know why, for the fairies had told the oriole never to tell her who she was. But one night when they thought Marguerite was asleep, she heard the oriole say to his wife:

"Move over. You are as stupid as the King and Queen, who do not know where their daughter is."

"How could they know?" said his wife. They both went to sleep, but Marguerite could not sleep for thinking that she was the Queen's daughter.

In the morning she asked the oriole's wife to take her out that day to see the world.

"You see the world!" cried the oriole's wife. "You are too ugly. Fly yourself if you want to." Then she flew away, for she had not slept the night before and was very cross.

"Fly I will," thought Marguerite. "Why didn't I think of that before?"

So she climbed up on the edge of the nest, held out her arms as the orioles did and gave a little spring. Of course she fell, for no mortal can fly, but the fairies protected her, and she fell very lightly into the cup of a water-lily. Then she looked down into the clear water and saw herself for the first time in her

life. And she was not ugly at all, for her eyes were bluer than the sky and her long golden hair was like silk.

"You are the most beautiful maiden in the world," said a stout old green frog that sat on a bank. "I have been long looking for a wife. I will take you."

The Princess was afraid and hid deep in the cup of the water-lily. This made the old frog very angry indeed.

"I will give you three days to think," he called to her, "and if you are unwilling on the third day, I will cut the stem of the water-lily and let you float down the river."

For two days Marguerite sat trembling in the water-lily. On the third day the Prince of the Courageous Heart came riding down the stream to water his horse. While he sat there he heard a voice that seemed to come from under his horse's feet. It sang,

"A Princess am I,
Doomed to die.
Fair Prince, fair Prince,
Do not ride by."

And when the Prince looked down he saw in the water-lily the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. So the Prince, who was quick as well as handsome, took the Princess up before him on his horse and rode right over the big green frog, who was too slow and stupid to understand what the Prince was doing.

Away and away rode the Prince and Princess on the big black horse. The road to the Prince's home lay right through the kingdom where the Princess Marguerite belonged, so there they paused to visit the King and Queen. They had become so sad over the loss of their daughter that they never were lazy or careless again, and everything was going well in the kingdom. They were delighted to see their beautiful daughter, and when Marguerite was married to the Prince of the Courageous Heart the fairies

were so pleased that they gave her a gown made of a rosy cloud with silver stars for buttons.

And then the Prince and Princess went away to the land where even the chimney-swallows sing like nightingales, and there they are living to this very day.

—*Anna Penny.*

A Maiden's Thoughts

A FAIR little maid sat under a tree,
Paring green apples as fast as could be,
A big straw hat flopped over her face,
And she swayed as she pared with a rhythmic
grace.

Her gingham dress was patched and torn,
Her buckskin shoes were sadly worn;
But her fresh young lips curved up in a
smile,
So I paused to pass the time for a while.

Long, blue-black lashes veiled her eyes,
Her look was simple, childlike, and wise;
And watching her fingers, so busy and plump,
I spoke, and she stopped with a startled jump.

"What ho! fair maid, a-dreaming, I see,
And of what might dreams so pleasant be."
She looked at her drying-scaffold, half full,
Drew up her feet, gave her skirt a pull,

Then glancing up with a timid air,
"Excuse me sir, I didn't know you were there.
I don't know you, sir," with a shake of her
head,
"But I guess I'll tell you"—a glance at my
beard.

"I'm so happy, sir, I don't know what to do!
An' I was wonderin' over an' over if it could
be true.
It's a long time to wait—till fall, you see,
But I'll make enough if I keep busy as a bee.

"It's been a long time—it's awfully late,
But dad wouldn't give in, he said I must wait."
She drew a long breath with cast-down eyes—
Aha, little maid! we old folks are wise.

Aloud, I said, "It is good to see
How happy you are, how gay and carefree,
But tell your good man he must treat you well
Or those rosy lips a sadder story may tell."

Her mouth flew open, she dropped her knife;
Astonishment leaped up in her eyes big as
life!

Then, in maidenly tones, quite measured and
cool,

"You misunderstand, sir. I'm going to
school."

Half Gods

THE little Buddha, resplendent in his gay green robe, sat blinking his narrow, gleaming eyes, amid the pretty confusion of Shirley's dresser.

Shirley herself smiled happily at her reflection in the mirror, giving feminine little pats to her dress, which, judging from appearances, was made of rose leaves and moonbeans and other equally charming things.

Having pronounced herself ready, the Lady of the Looking-Glass paused and knelt, mischievously, to pay her respects to the little green god.

"Dost know, O Buddha," she began, bowing her glowing face in mock adoration, "that no less a person than John Cameron, the distinguished artist, is to take *me*, silly little Shirley Walton, to the Irvings' dance tonight?

Shirley stopped short with a faraway look in her dark eyes recalling the days when John Cameron, just a big boy then, had been the loyal subject of the curly-haired baby next door. It had always been John to whom she had gone for comfort, sobbing out her childish troubles on his rough coat—John, who could tie up a cut finger, or amuse her better than anyone else.

Later he had gone away to college, then abroad to study art in the Old World, where he had remained until the close of the war, "doing his bit," and incidentally taking advantage of the artistic opportunities which such stirring days presented. Immediately after the war he went to New York, where he soon became widely known in the world of art. Going home for the holidays after a prolonged absence, John had been surprised to find that Shirley, the pretty baby, had returned from school *almost* grown-up.

In spite of the charming worshipper's confidences, Buddha still frowned and wisely glared at her from his deep-set little eyes.

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regret and future fears,"

cried Shirley, as she laughingly bedewed his ugly little nose with a few drops of perfume. Then, hearing voices below, she ran down to greet the Man of the Hour.

What girl could help being a tiny bit fascinated, she thought, noting as he held her shimmering coat and handed her into the waiting auto, the touch of foreign polish which made John's little acts of politeness so charming.

"How much he has improved!" she said to herself, as he talked on, easily, of France, Italy, New York, and a hundred other places which seemed like fairyland to his dazzled little listener. She was almost sorry when the machine stopped in front of the Irvings' home, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Very much later in the evening Shirley found herself in the conservatory, securely hidden behind a mammoth palm. What did it matter if she had promised the next dance? She wanted to be alone for a while and think of nice things—of a tall *distingue* man who had smiled at her admiringly and whispered that he would like to paint her in her rose dress as *The Spirit of Youth*. How nice it was, thought Shirley, to find that John was still her loyal friend, unspoiled by whatever honors the world could offer.

Suddenly she became aware of approaching footsteps, and looking up saw two people coming toward her. She recognized the woman, Evelyn Stanfield, at once, and then, as they came out of the dim light, she saw that the man was John Cameron.

"But, my dear girl," he was protesting vehemently, "surely you aren't angry about such a trifle? Little Shirley Walton, in spite of her grown-up airs, is still a mere unsophisticated child! You can't be jealous

because I danced with her a few times tonight. Come, Evelyn, don't you think it is punishment enough to act as escort to a child out of the kindergarten without discussing her all the evening?"

They both laughed amusedly and went out, leaving Shirley white and half stunned. The rest of the evening seemed like a dream.

At last it was all over, and as she said good-night to John Cameron, man of the world, she felt that she had bidden John, the frank, sincere boy of old, an eternal farewell. Ascending drearily to her own little room, she flung herself, a troubled little sobbing heap, on the bed.

It was not only because of hurt pride that she wept, but for an idol broken, a shrine now empty and deserted, the hero-worship and trust that her idealistic, girlish heart had given ungrudgingly to one who had proven himself unworthy of her faith in him. At last she arose and went over to the stolid little Buddha, staring at him absently as she talked.

"John, John, I believed in you so," she said pitifully. "You were always a—a sort of cross between Solomon and Sir Galahad to me,"—smiling a little whimsically—"and you hurt me so tonight, and now you're just a broken idol!"

As she stood there, a puzzled child again, pluckily trying to rebuild her shattered little illusions, there was a knock at the door.

"You' mothah says please come down right away," a voice announced. "Mr. Phil Trent am heah onexpected an' he's ben waitin' fuh you de hole endurin' ebenin'."

Shirley stood motionless for a second, her face brightening. The picture of Phil came to her—Phil who had always adored her. She seemed to see Phil's strong, athletic figure, to hear his jolly laugh. How fine, and manly he was! How—how *genuine* he was! Why had she not been able to appreciate him before?

Suddenly, with an air of decision, she reached out for the little Buddha, sitting complacently on the dresser before her.

"I'm going to stand you on your blooming old head, you ugly, green-eyed fake." The little image could scarcely believe his ears, even when he felt himself rudely lifted from his pedestal.

"When half gods go
The gods arrive,"

said Shirley, as she hurried down stairs to Phil.

—*Louise Watts.*

"Memories"

AH, rain softly falling at twilight time,
And music too faintly sweet,
And a scent of new roses crushed on the grass
By some passer-by's ruthless feet;
You all form a chord in a long-ago strain,
That re-echoed in days that are past.
Ah sweet, wet roses, and music and rain,
It was all too precious to last.

Ah, crimson roses, that bloom by the wall,
There were once other roses there,
And they listened with me for his step on
the street,
For his whistled note on the stair;
Their golden hearts leaped as did my heart,
For my laddie with eyes so true.
And was it only their love that died
When they faded, as roses do?

Ah, the roses are faded, the music hushed,
And the love that once lived is dead;
But a rainy twilight, a faint sweet strain,
And roses so softly red,
Bring back a memory of days that were,
When those roses lived and that music was
sweet,
And I listened alone in the rainy dusk,
For the sound of his step in the street.

—Anna Penny, '19.

The Spirit of the New Year

THE scene is a brilliantly lighted ballroom, the time three minutes to twelve. The sound of gay laughter, merry talk and glad music fills the room, which appears as a rainbow, so artistically do the different vivid costumes harmonize into one gorgeous design of beauty. It is fascinating in its revelry—gay, intoxicating—but as the clock strikes twelve the music suddenly ceases, the swaying figures pause uncertainly, and the laughter sounds hollow; then for a moment all is quiet and through our mind flashes the thought, is this the spirit of New Year?

Next we go into one of the offices on the seventeenth floor of one of our skyscrapers. We see three sleek, prosperous business men seated around a table strewn with papers, money and decanters. The leader is a large, fat, bald-headed man. His hard, grasping face relaxes into a smirk of satisfaction and content, as he, rising and touching a pile of bills, loudly remarks, "Well, we've come out on top by several millions. Let's have a toast for the New Year, hoping that we'll get more out of it than the old." As their wine glasses clink together, their tingle is mingled with the chime of a far away church. Have they the true spirit of the New Year?

In a big nursery, a small boy, inspired by thoughts of sky-rockets, roman candles and his new drum, has forcibly kept awake, propping his eyes open till twelve, so that he may add the noise of his little tin horn and drum to the crashing racket and din heard in the streets below. Is this the real meaning of New Year?

"Every year is a new beginning,
At the dawn of each year is our life made new,
For you who are sick and sorry of sinning
Here's a beautiful hope made true."

The New Year is a time which breathes the spirit of beginnings—something fresh, clean and pure is borne in upon us as the old year rolls out and the new bursts in amid the cheers of a welcoming world.

This celebration differs from all other celebrations in that each recurrence brings with it a newness and freshness not felt in any others. The spirit of New Year is broader: it embraces everything great and small and is a wonderful inspiration—to hope, to desire, and to seek for the best out of life.

As the bells chime in the New Year, every human soul should pause on the threshold, and reviewing the old, should determine that that which mars or blots the past, should be destroyed and forgotten, that only that which is beautiful and uplifting should live on into the new.

The ending of one year and the dawning of a new diverts our thoughts and purposes into new channels. Our retrospection may result in remorse; our introspection may dishearten and discourage us, but our prospection should give us new heart, new courage and new joy.

As we turn over a new leaf in the calendar of life, we find it blank, white and empty—waiting to be filled with our own achievements, and let us be satisfied with nothing less than the best we have in us, and let the overruling spirit of the New Year be a desire to live for others, and not selfishly, and I trust that at the close you may find it has fulfilled your greatest expectation, hopes and desires.

—*Emma Mebane Hunt.*

Nita's New Year Discovery

IT WAS the beginning of the New Year. The ground was covered with snow and the air outside was bitter and chill. At twilight an open wood fire burned brightly within the cheerful sitting room, shedding its genial glow upon the mother and her two daughters as they watched the leaping flames chasing each other up the wide chimney and the flickering shadows playing upon the walls. A casual observer would hardly have guessed that there was anything but joy and happiness about that fireside, but Nita's heart was heavy as she allowed herself to engage in melancholy introspections.

A few weeks before Mrs. Goodwin and her two daughters, Nita, aged eighteen, and little ten-year-old Frieda, had moved from a pleasant little village, where everybody knew everybody and was a friend of every one else, to this new home in a large, strange city. Nita knew that she was not the pretty, attractive type of girl who naturally wins popularity, so she had tried very hard to please and to make friends among her new associates.

She had not succeeded, for she lacked that quality, that indefinable "something" which a stranger must possess in order to "get in" with the crowd.

The Christmas holidays had passed monotonously for the lonely girl. However, she had found one source of consolation in her music, her one talent, as she thought. But even the joy of that was now dampened. In the little home town she had been considered a real musician, and Nita believed herself what her friends considered her to be. Today, however, she had attended a recital given by the pupils of a well known professor of the city. As she sat in the audience listening to the compositions they rendered she had suddenly realized that her musical ability was really very limited. She knew that while none

of these pianists were great, they were far beyond her in skill and expression.

"Come, Nita," said her mother, "and play some twilight melodies for us, the kind we all like to hear in the evening."

Nita arose reluctantly and going over to the piano, began one of the old, familiar tunes, but somehow her fingers fumbled awkwardly over the keys and the tones were harsh and mechanical. Before the song was completed Nita flung herself into an arm chair saying, "I'm sorry, mother, but I cannot play tonight."

Mrs. Goodwin saw that something had gone wrong with her daughter so she did not press the subject further. Even little Frieda, who was also wondering what was the matter with Nita, kept silent as she lay on the rug and thoughtfully stroked the fur of her gray kitten.

Nita lay back in her chair with a sigh and closed her eyes as if to shut out from consciousness all her homesickness and disappointment. She had hoped vaguely for fame in the musical world. Now because she knew that she would never attain to great heights she was resolved to drop her music entirely. Oh, if she had only been given some marked talent which would have set her above the grind of the commonplace position in life!

Suddenly the slight form of a lady all in white appeared at her side. Her face was aglow with joy and her dark eyes shone with a depth of tender happiness such as Nita had never seen upon human countenance. Her voice was full of sweetness as she laid her slim hand upon Nita's arm and said, "Oh, I am so glad I have found you! I have been seeking you for a long while."

"Me? Why should you want me?" asked Nita in surprise.

"I have something to show you," she replied, "and then I have something which I want you to do. We are not strangers but you do not seem to recognize me.

Come with me and perhaps we shall soon know each other better."

Then before Nita knew it, she was walking with this wonderful lady, who was really Fairy Happiness, through woodland glens and over green meadows. On and on they went until they were in sight of a beautiful garden where tall dahlias and stately peonies nodded proudly above the smaller flowers beneath them. Nita wished to hurry on to these but Fairy Happiness suddenly paused at a little secluded spot where myriads of small white roses grew. Then as Nita looked upon them she saw that they were all blighted.

"Why is it that all these fragrant little blossoms are spoiled?" she inquired of Fairy Happiness.

"Ah," replied the fairy. "It is because there has been no one to pick them. Everyone hastens on to gather the tall, showy flowers in the garden over there and no one stops to notice the little white blossoms here. If you will now pick an armful of these roses and carry them with you back to the earth, planting one at the doorway of each house you pass, they will each take root and continue to thrive as long as their blossoms are kept picked and passed along to others. But if this is not done, they will become blighted and wilt away."

Then Nita began to pluck the blossoms as the fairy had bidden her do, and lo! each blighted blossom suddenly became a perfect full-blown rose, reflecting in its petals all the beautiful tints of sunset. And upon each broken stem there sprang up another blossom equalling each of the others in beauty and perfection of form. At this moment Fairy Happiness vanished, but as Nita joyfully made her way back to earth, doing the fairy's bidding, she heard a sweet voice repeating,

"Not what we have but what we share;
Not in being loved but in loving is true
happiness rare."

As the log on the fire burned in two and the chunks fell apart, Nita awoke. Alone in the dim firelight, she arose and went to the piano. Then the strains of mother's favorite nocturne floated through the room, and mother, listening in her bedroom, thought she had never before heard Nita play with such sweetness and whole-souled expression.

—S. R. W.

Dawn in Flanders

O VER the fields of Flanders,
And the hills of sad Lorraine,
Over the ruined towns
And forests along the Aisne,
There rose the flag of a nation—
A nation across the sea,
Where men died not in vain,
That mankind might be free.

Over the fields of Flanders,
In the gray September dawn,
The glorious red of sunrise
Proclaimed another morn;
Over the fields of Flanders,
Where flaming poppies grow,
Our lads went forth to battle
In the misty morning glow.

In the stricken heart of Humanity,
Borne down by the sins of man,
Hope rose, triumphant, conquering,
The herald of God's own hand;
And over the fields of Flanders,
Led on by a nation's love,
Our lads charged on, to conquer
The world for One above!

O Spirit of Peace, you have come
To a sadder, wiser world!
And a flag, from the hate of the ages sprung,
Has fallen, unhonored, unwept, unsung—
A standard forever furled!

—*Lois Averill.*

Divers Opinions

(Reflections of a Student Teacher)

SOME ONE asked me the other day how I liked teaching. Without pausing to reflect I replied enthusiastically, "Oh, fine!

I like it better than anything on my schedule!" The inquirer looked incredulous, said nothing, and passed on. Suddenly I remembered that that same person had asked me that same question the day before, and my answer had been quite different. But so had the circumstances, I reflected, and circumstances alter opinions. The day before had been Monday. Today was Tuesday. A Monday opinion rarely coincides with a Tuesday opinion when one is a teacher—or a pupil. A Monday opinion is, nevertheless, just as honest, just as straightforward, just as truly an index to conviction as a Tuesday, or a Wednesday, or a Saturday opinion. Monday opinions are pessimistic. There is rarely a Monday that I am not overwhelmed with pessimism. This is true not only of myself, but also of other people. There is no one among the scores of my acquaintances who enthusiastically heralds the approach of Monday. No one is ever quite ready for Blue Monday—for though comparatively few call it Blue Monday, it is true, still all are of the same opinion in regard to it. I am always glad when Monday is gone and Tuesday, harbinger of optimistic days, dawns. My pupils also are glad. On Mondays I want to shake every one of them—by Tuesday my desire is rather to caress them and tell them they are the dearest, best pupils in the world. I do neither.

But I have digressed. I was about to say that opinions change in regard to teaching. Before I taught I was of the opinion that theory and practice went hand in hand—were as inseparable as the Siamese twins. But having taught for three months,

I am firmly of the opinion that the two are not related at all—that is, beyond their relation of juxtaposition in the conversational world. I then thought how beautifully ideal was the working together, the close relationship of *Theory* and *Practice*. I now know that if theory and practice work together at all it is an accident for which to be profoundly thankful. Let me illustrate from experience. I made a beautiful lesson plan. In making it I endeavored to work out, that I might put them into practice, the theories of good lesson plans which we had found in a book and discussed in *Methods and Management*. A wiser than I pronounced it “a very good plan.” Then, much elated, I decided really to use it—to put theory into practice. My enthusiasm fell flat. It didn’t work at all. I was glad no one observed me that day, for it would have been too bad to destroy another’s faith also. I am now of the opinion that a lesson plan is a farce—also teaching—also the world, and life in general. It is all too ridiculous. Every one caters to every one else, and no one says what he believes. When I first realized this I became very angry. Then I laughed at my anger. Then I was angry that I *could* laugh—but once I had laughed I did it again and could not stop. Even laughter was a farce, and so I laughed again to prove it. There was nothing to laugh at. My plan had failed, my faith was dead, yet I laughed. But I wrote no plan for the next day. Some one came in to observe me. I had no plan! My opinion of yesterday became a thing of the past. Plans were quite essential. Rapidly I thought, putting each idea into execution as fast as it came into my head, striving to forget plans, observers, opinions—to think only of the class before me and the lesson I *must* teach—wondering as my lips formed one question where I should get another. Would I think of one in time? What was it Edith was saying? Lily could correct that. I’d ask for a discussion of that point by the class. . . . It was over. I came up from the depths of the abyss. My nerves were strung

taut as the strings of a screeching violin, and over them wailed and moaned my latest opinion. *I had failed.* I must not make my knowledge of the fact apparent, however. So I went, according to the custom established, to receive an opinion from the observer. Only by an extreme exertion of will power could I keep from bursting into an apology for such a lesson. But what was this I heard—"Liked your lesson!!" "Saw through your plan at once"—"Excellent!" I felt an angry light flash into my eyes. Did she dare stand there and ridicule me to my face? This was too much, and I was on the point of retorting angrily to such an insult when I looked at her face—into her eyes. Sincere. Could she mean it! My anger vanished. But the moment I had left her it returned, waxed white and whiter. What a farce it was. She who knew nothing of my lesson was presuming to persuade me it was good—to offer me a criticism. I was firmly convinced that that lesson was a failure. I had had no plan—yet she saw through and liked my plan. Of such misunderstandings is life made up—a teacher's life. Therefore, I concluded it was all a farce—life, and therefore teaching. Yet when my anger had abated and I thought back over that lesson, it *was* good. I realized it. But there was no premeditated theory and practice back of it.

I read in a book once that teachers often ask too many questions. It was stated that teachers sometimes asked a question for every minute, and left no time for their pupils to think. Now I considered. Result—I was of the opinion that I often asked more questions than that myself. I resolved to see what other people were doing. I observed a student teacher. She asked eighty-seven questions in thirty minutes. I observed a college teacher. She taught the same subject taught by the student teacher and asked one hundred and eleven questions in forty minutes. In two minutes the college teacher asked fifteen questions. What is my opinion? I have none since then. Always since that time when any-

thing happens I resolve to await the next development before forming an opinion, lest the motor activity of forming it should be ill spent. When everything has happened that is going to happen I will form an opinion. It shall not change.

—A. O. M., '19.

Hot Rolls

Exerpt from diary of S. N. S. student: "December 5:
We had hot rolls for supper tonight."

AH, the joy in being able to make that apparently simple statement. But just think, all of you not initiated in the ways of S. N. S., what that really means. It tells of the longing of five hundred hearts for three long weary months waiting until the new kitchen should be finished. One of the consolations to be considered when leaving home in September and coming to S. N. S. is the thought of Philip's hot rolls twice every day. I wonder if Philip realizes how necessary his hot rolls are to the well-being of this student body. For who would not dare anything, even to a test on history of education, after those delicious, sizzling hot rolls for breakfast.

Imagine the disappointment when we returned this year and found awaiting our hearty appetites—cold light bread. Our hopes sank, but we thought surely the loved rolls would make their appearance the next day. To our sorrow we were told that the kitchen must be finished and the new stove installed before we might again taste those masterpieces of Philip's. Of course that would take not more than a week at the most. A week passed; a month, three months rolled slowly by. And still no hot rolls! We gave up hoping. Those memories of the past were erased from our minds.

Then suddenly like a flash of light came the welcome intelligence, "Hot rolls tonight." It quickly passed from mouth to mouth. spurts of suppressed applause sounded. When we entered the dining room the maids smiled at our happy faces as we surveyed the tables. Eager anticipation was in the air. The room became quiet for the blessing, and then the chattering broke out afresh. The new girls were getting

their first taste of Philip's rolls. Their initiation into the life of S. N. S. was at last complete.

What little things can make us joyous and happy! A child laughs over his shining toy; college girls applaud hot rolls for supper. Does Philip realize? Do any of us realize how much little things we do for others count? Those little things are the hot roll that we serve.

—E. M. G., '20.

When the Nightingale Could Not Sing

(A Fairy Tale)

IT was a typical summer night in the wood where the soft breezes blew through the tall pines and the crickets chirped in the grass. Far in the distance could be heard the hoot of an owl at measured intervals and occasionally a sleepy bird chirped reassuringly to its young within the nest. As the cottage was warm and stuffy, the children and Aunt Betty had retreated to the big rustic swing under the trees.

Every summer since Bobby could remember, he and Emily and baby Betsy had left their city home and systematic nurse to spend one glorious month with Aunt Betty and Uncle Jim at their summer home. There never was such a house like theirs! It was a rustic bungalow set in the center of a large pine grove which the fantastically inclined Emily had named "The Enchanted Forest." The place was indeed charming but its mistress was even more so. There was no one who knew quite so much about children as Aunt Betty, and no one who could tell quite as interesting stories.

"Oh, I know what let's do!" the impetuous Bobby exclaimed as soon as they were comfortably arranged in the swing. "Let's have Aunt Betty tell us a story about bears and giants!" and his round eyes grew bright with anticipation.

"No-o-! I don't like to hear about bears at night," Emily objected, and she drew closer to her aunt, while glancing timidly into the wood. "I want her to tell a fairy story—not a scary one."

As today happened to be the little sister's birthday, Bobby was easily persuaded to give up to her—a thing which all the scoldings of his city nurse could never have caused him to do. With baby Betsy on

her lap and the other two children beside her, Aunt Betty began one of her charming fairy stories that she always told before bedtime.

"Once upon a time" (nothing could be a story, Emily thought, without such a beginning) "there was a very wicked fairy who thought that she had the most beautiful voice in all the world. The only creature who could rival her was a bird who lived away off in the forest and was seldom seen by anyone. The fairy heard of the wonderful bird and declared that she must hear it sing before she would believe the stories told of its voice. Day after day she spent searching the forests for it with no success, until one night, when the fairy was restless and could not sleep, she heard afar off in the forest a wonderful song. She arose from her thistledown couch and hurried off in the direction from whence came the music. At length she came upon the singer perched in a huge tree. The notes which came from the songster's throat were the most beautiful the fairy had ever heard, and she was held spellbound until the song was ended. She knew that she had discovered her superior, and so very jealous was this wicked fairy that she determined to rob the bird of his voice. With all of the evil enchantments in her power she worked a spell over him and put a curse upon his innocent head. This curse robbed him of his beautiful voice and left in his throat coarse ugly notes that offended the ears of all who heard. This spell, the wicked fairy declared, should last until some one would think his voice beautiful and would praise it. Oh, the wicked, wicked fairy! She laughed in glee because she knew that there was no one else in all the world who has as beautiful a voice as herself, and she returned to tell the news to her court of bad fairies.

As for the poor nightingale, he tried and tried to sing his wonderful songs, but only harsh, ugly notes would come, and at last he hung his head in shame. He knew full well that no one would think his voice

beautiful now, and besides, he lived so far away in the woods that there were very few who came near enough at night to hear his pitiful screech. Years passed by and the nightingale very seldom tried to sing and then it was only to test his voice with some wild hope that it had been restored.

One night, a long, long time after the nightingale lost his voice, the wee daughter of the queen of the good fairies grew angry with her fairy nurse and succeeded in running away from her. Away from the royal court she flew on her favorite night moth until she was deep in the big black forest. She had thought it would be an easy matter to find a fairy village and spend the night there while her nurse and parents grew sorry for not having allowed her to have her own way, and she had planned to return on the morrow. After wandering for miles in search of such a village the little princess realized that she was lost in "The Great Forest," as the fairies called the one where the nightingale lived, and she drew in her fairy steed to look around her. There was nothing to see but the big black wood and everything was as still as a mouse. She flew on and on again until the poor moth could go no farther, and sank fluttering and dying on the moss at the foot of a huge pine. The poor princess, who was only a very little fairy after all, began to shed dewy tears. She wished that she was back in her rose-petal crib and that she had not been naughty and run away, and she wished—oh, *how* she wished that she had some one to talk to. Everything was so very still that she could scarcely help from screaming. All at once from the top of the great tree above her there came a noise as of a bird trying to sing. It wasn't a pretty noise but the princess was so glad to hear some living creature speak that she thought the sound the most beautiful she had ever heard.

"Oh, please," pleaded the baby fairy, "whoever you are, won't you please sing me your beautiful song again?"

No sooner had the words left her fairy lips than there burst into the air the most wonderful melody that the princess had ever heard. Yes, the nightingale had regained his voice and he sang on and on, so overjoyed was he to be able once more to sing. At last his song was ended, and because he was a very polite bird, he came down from his perch in the pine to thank the fairy for saying the words that had given him his old voice back again. Finding her lovely and desolate he allowed her to alight on his back and flew with her to his nest where she spent the night with the baby nightingales, and was sung to sleep.

All the next day the good fairies searched for their princess, but it was not until night that they were attracted by the song of the nightingale and found her safe and sound in his nest in the pine. The fairy queen was so overjoyed at finding her wee daughter that she invited the bird to come to her court and to be her head musician. So it is that he sings to the fairies every night, and whenever you hear a nightingale you may be sure that the good fairies are near at hand.

"But what happened to the wicked fairy who worked the enchantment?" inquired Bobby whom Aunt Betty had thought asleep.

"Why, didn't I tell you about her? No sooner had she performed her wicked deed than her own voice began to grow harsh and ugly, and before the year was up she could not sing any better than the nightingale."

"Tell us another story," came in a sleepy voice from Emily, but Aunt Betty declared that it was past bed time as baby Betsy was already in dreamland; so the little group left the swing for the cottage.

—*Mildred Dickinson, '19.*

Old Years Versus New

IN the land of Yesterdays which borders on the land of Tomorrows there live the old years. Some are contented, peaceful and happy, glad that they have served their time on earth and now can rest. Others are unhappy, discontented and sad, ever wishing that they could visit the earth again. The cause of their discontent lies not in themselves but in their children—the Yesterdays, who think that one day on earth is not long enough.

Now, old "Father Time" rules over this land as well as the land of Tomorrows, and many years ago, after listening to the pleadings of the Old Years for their children, he sent a decree throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom that any Yesterday—except a Yesterday of War who had not been on the earth for twenty years and who was strong enough to conquer the tomorrow, might visit the earth again. Each should choose his own time in order that he might conflict with the others, and each his own way to conquer the Tomorrow.

When this was heard there was great rejoicing in the land of Yesterdays and even the Tomorrows were glad for they felt very secure in the strength of their youth, knowing that they could easily conquer the old, worn out Yesterdays. They were even disposed to give them a little of their time.

Our tomorrows are always going to be better than our yesterdays but when they are the *today*s, somehow it is different, as these Today's found.

Each Today took his place, young, vigorous, and happy, but as time went on a frown would cross his brow for he would hear the old people on earth say, "Today is exactly like the day—sixty years ago—on which you and I were married." Then the Yesterday

would laugh mockingly as he passed by on the breeze, the Today in hot pursuit.

These Yesterdays were very wily and found their way to the earth in many ways. One day a great storm would break over the ocean and the captain of a large vessel would say to his men, "There has been only one other storm like this and that was over a hundred years ago. My grandfather's father was but a boy." A Yesterday would smile wickedly from a huge wave. Another day would turn suddenly warm and many people in the crowded cities would lose their lives—just what had happened thirty years before—and from the rays of the scorching sun the triumphant face of Yesterday would appear. In this manner, many Yesterdays visited the earth all down through the ages. Some were so like the Todays themselves that mere humans could not distinguish between them; but always the Today would know when a Yesterday was near, and as soon as he could overtake and bid him go back to his land the Yesterday's power was broken.

The conflict raged on, the Yesterdays fighting a losing fight, for the Tomorrows grew steadily wiser and swifter and not many Yesterdays spent more than a few moments on earth. The Tomorrows grew proud of their strength and decided that when each came to be a Today on earth he would be a peaceful and happy one. The people on the earth noticed this and said among themselves, "Never before have been days like these, so peaceful and happy." They rejoiced, for the whole world was at peace.

But what were the Yesterdays—who had not yet visited the earth—doing in the meantime, especially the Yesterdays of War whom "Father Time" had strictly forbidden to visit the earth again? They were secretly gathering from all parts of the land, the Yesterdays of all the wars that had ever visited the earth, diabolical in their fury at being forbidden to visit the earth again. The leaders gathered in a great council and decided that the best and most secret

way to reach the earth was through the hearts of men—the best place being in Prussia and the little states around her.

The Just Before the War Yesterdays were secretly set to work in the hearts of the German rulers and on August 1, 1914, everything was in readiness and their plan had not been discovered by "Father Time," who felt strong in the strength and goodness of the Todays. They hid themselves in the clouds that hovered near the earth and each one in turn took his place in the world, bringing with him new horrors, for all the Yesterdays of all the Wars were working together and even some of the Todays had been bought with promises of future days on earth.

This went on for three years and then "Father Time" discovered the secret of the Yesterdays. In a great meeting of the Tomorrows he told them that the best way to conquer the Yesterdays was through the hearts of men—especially of those in America.

This was the beginning of the end, and on November 11, 1918, the last Yesterday of War was driven from the earth and imprisoned by "Father Time." Unless they break the bonds of Time they will never visit the earth again and wars will be no more, for the Tomorrows unto the end of the world are peaceful and happy and full of strength.

✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ **Sketches** ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦

A WINTER WALK AT SUNSET

Yesterday the air was so fresh and invigorating about sunset that, finding it impossible to remain indoors any longer, I put on my wraps and went for a walk. The fleecy clouds, piled high in the sky, were rimmed with gold and the sunset was gorgeous. The west was flooded with the blending of all the colors of the rainbow into one vast glow of light which seemed to follow me as I walked.

Presently I passed a cozy-looking farmhouse where the smoke curled up from the chimney in circling gray ringlets and from the kitchen came the pleasant odor of coffee and fried bacon. The men were doing their chores for the night and the sturdy strokes of the axe sounded through the clear, crisp air while from the barn came the chunching, crushing noise of the feed cutter. I walked a little distance farther and then, turning my footsteps homeward, I heard the distant tinkle of cowbells. In a few moments the herd came in sight, slowly winding its way up the lane, followed close behind by a boy on horseback his face peeping out from the big cap pulled down over his ears and his cheeks aglow from the cold, cutting wind. By this time the sky had changed and when I reached home a short time afterwards in place of the bright colors in the west there were only long streaks of delicate tints which grew fainter and fainter as they merged into each other, finally losing themselves in the vast expanse of gray sky.

—S. R. W., '20.

THE VISITOR

As the long daylight waned I picked up my book and started out into the big front yard the better to enjoy it in the rich glow of the setting sun; but I got no farther than the hall, for there I found a small visitor, a modest sun-browned child standing back against the wall, her brown eyes big and mild. She was too timid, almost, to talk, and only grinned and shook her head at me, which caused her shock of short brown hair to stand straight out from her head in quite a startling manner. My smallest little sister didn't seem to be around, so laying my book upon the hall table, I took the little monkey by the hand and led her into the house. Still, she was as quiet as any little mouse, and sidling round to the window, she stood looking out with a finger stuck in her round, red mouth. I asked her if Jim, the cat, had her tongue. My reward was one fleeting upward glance from a pair of twinkling brown eyes and a smile, accompanied by an instant sweet confusion. I judged that she had heard the expression before, for her look said plainly how foolish it was of me to believe such things, though her smile had an element of trust in it that plainly bespoke friendliness and good will. Her confusion, as is so often the case with children, was due to the fact that she found herself alone with a stranger much older than herself, and so didn't know what to do. She was distinctly disinclined to talk to me, however, and I was still casting fruitlessly about in my mind for something to amuse her when my little sister bounded into the room.

"Hello, Miron! Come on, let's go to the plum tree."

"A'right,' h'llo, Clara. Ma said I cou' come. An' ma said for you to come home wi' me, an' I c'n play wi' you a li'l while, an'—"

She was at the door, talking so fast the words fairly fell over one another, but suddenly she stopped and turned around where she stood; and the old-fashioned curtsy she gave me would have delighted the heart

of my grandmother, I know. Then, standing very straight and speaking very slowly and distinctly, she said, "Good evenin'. You must come to see my mother some time. She will be very glad to see you,"—and turning sedately, she reached out a brown hand to my astonished little sister and together they went skipping off to the plum tree, my brown monkey again jabbering very fast.

—*Ava Marshall.*

THE FOCUS

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Editorial

THE NEW WORLD

Since time immemorial there have been "wars and rumors of wars"—wars that set monarchs on thrones, wars that have dethroned them, wars that have changed boundary lines, transferred possession of colonies, established feuds of hate, or torn down former prejudices. But from the conflict of ideals that gripped the ends of the world, from the seething struggle of God and humanity against self and beastliness, from the mirk and mire of the sin-stained earth, from the red valley of Death, there has arisen a *new world!*—a world with new conceptions of religion, new ideals of education, new forms of government, a world with a new political and a new social status.

There is not a home in all the world which has not felt the change from the old to the new, not an individual who does not feel the new life, no undertaking but has a changed viewpoint, no achievement but has an altered aspect. We are new beings in a new world.

Never can we be the same nation that we were four years ago. We have caught the vision of the ideal, we have fought for it, through it we have been victorious, and now that victory is ours we are still to push on and forever follow after it. It was for our ideals, for us, and their homes, that our fathers,

husbands, sons, brothers and sweethearts fought. Those ideals, we ourselves, and, through us, our homes will be stronger, lovelier, dearer when they come back to us because we have sought the ideal. To us who now in the prime of life are just reaching womanhood, the opportunities of this new world are exceedingly numerous and the responsibilities equally as great. Let us therefore keep before us the true vision, that in our lives and in shaping the lives of those children placed under our care, we may face the issues fairly and squarely, conquering as they conquered, and glorying in our opportunities, by more than equaling our responsibilities. Let us with prayer in our hearts, vision in our souls, and full of the spirit of service for mankind open the door of the New Year and enter into our New World!

—S. M.

THE CRITERIA OF CLASS ROOM EFFICIENCY

The Supervisor looked through the glass door of Section A, Room 111. Not a pupil in the entire class was really attentive. Some were standing, others half standing—and all of them were frantically waving their hands, as they poured out a torrent of questions on the bewildered teacher.

She stood before them, an elaborately dressed, nervous, irritable little creature, vainly trying to make herself heard. She frowned vigorously, rapped on her desk, stamped her French heels—tried desperately to make a louder noise than her fifteen restless pupils in order that they might hear her questions.

The Supervisor stood looking on the scene of confusion for a few minutes—then turned in disgust, and went to the door of Section B. She breathed a sigh of relief at the change which greeted her.

The class of twenty girls was eagerly listening to the teacher's explanation and when the next question was asked gave the most courteous attention to the speaker. The discussion which followed was lively,

interesting and general but by no means disorderly.

The teacher, young and fresh, wearing a neat, serviceable linen dress and low-heeled shoes, seemed bubbling over with that kind of enthusiasm which is more contagious than the proverbial smile. The students caught the spirit and the story of Alexander's Conquests was to them a delightful chapter out of the Book of the Past.

These two classes, of which the Supervisor was an unseen observer, were working on the same assignment. The pupils were all of average ability; the equipment of maps, etc., the very same. However, the results of the written lesson given unexpectedly the next day were widely different. Few of the students in Section A made more than passing grades, and there were five failures. Section B reported only one failure, the other grades being C or higher.

While there are various factors which determine the efficiency of a class room, the incident related above, and numerous others similar to it, have convinced me that the factor which may make or mar the other factors is the teacher herself. A good teacher will overcome obstacles, *make* her surroundings desirable and obtain good results, while a poor teacher, with all the equipment which could be given her, would be of very little real service to her pupils.

What does the term "good teacher" include? Few people are agreed upon all of the characteristics which should be included, but there are numerous points upon which all, or at least the majority of people are agreed. A teacher needs, above all things, a sterling character. Her pupils expect it of her and she cannot hope to influence them in the right direction unless she has their confidence in all that she does. Many pupils expect to find their ideal of womanhood in the teachers they have, and it is the duty of the teacher to help her pupils keep their ideals above and ahead of them.

Since it is the duty of the teacher to instruct youthful minds she should of course be a person with high

standards of scholarship and with an aptitude for teaching. She should have adequate preparation "including practice teaching, taken if possible during a year of special advanced study following the completion of a four-year course in a standard college." Instructional skill and discipline control together with a genuine interest in her pupils are very essential characteristics of a good teacher. She must be patient and sympathetic, and must above all things be absolutely fair in her treatment of all her pupils. She should be cheerful and optimistic with a capacity for inspiring enthusiasm, and never nervous, irritable nor sarcastic.

A teacher is judged by the results which she obtains. These depend in a large part, on her instructional skill, choice and organization of subject matter, and her attention to individual needs. She should be careful to have the work suited to the pupils and no teacher can take any pride from the fact that the majority of her pupils failed on an examination. It shows, either that the subject matter was not suited to the class or that the teacher did not properly present and motivate it.

"The *chief* factors in achieving success are native ability and quality of education; *specific* qualities of merit contributing most to success are instructional skill, ability to secure results, stimulation of individuals, intellectual capacity, ability to maintain discipline and a clear, definite aim." The teacher should know her pupils, and the discipline should be by indirect means as much as possible.

Another important factor in attaining best results is the elimination of all waste of time. Efficiency in handling material may be obtained by mechanizing routine, and teachers should be careful of this from the beginning.

The physical conditions of the class room of course have their effect on the results obtained. They should receive first attention, for no teacher can obtain the best results when her pupils are seated with

uncomfortable desks in a poorly ventilated room. The comfort and health of the pupils should always be considered first and only when this is done may we expect *best* results.

There is no subject in the curricula of the present day schools which does not require some equipment. Just how much and what kind there should be is determined largely by the teacher herself, but an equipment of some description is essential for the highest grade of efficiency.

As a whole, the results obtained in the class room are the standards by which its efficiency is judged, and the teacher should remember this in thinking out her aims for a definite period of time. They should be clear and definite, and, above all, worth while. It should also be remembered that the kind of teacher determines in a large part the work which will be accomplished and her enthusiasm and interest, both personal and professional, determine in great measure the interest which the students will take.

The physical conditions of the room also depend on the efforts which the teacher makes to keep them as they should be, and the order and attractiveness of the surroundings, as well as the equipment, may be improved by her if she will. It is her privilege to create public sentiment concerning such things in order that the necessity for them may be realized, for there are few secondary schools in our country which cannot furnish a reasonable amount of equipment.

From the foregoing discussion it seems obvious that the *teacher* is largely responsible for the efficiency of her class room. Her preparation, her interest, her skill in arousing interest of her pupils, in bettering physical conditions and in securing the equipment which is needed, determine, for the most part, the grade of efficiency which may be found in her class room. The teacher who accomplishes these things is truly efficient.

The ideals, theories and suggestions of almost every century may be found in the class room of today, if one stops to analyze existing conditions there. These conditions, moreover, are constantly being changed or shifted around as various old and new experiments are tried. The best methods of obtaining the highest degree of efficiency are still being sought, and although existing conditions are not yet ideal, there are standards by which we may judge the work which is being done. As we strive to measure up to these standards we approach the ideal classroom—that class room which is an efficient tool for the moulding of the American citizen of tomorrow.

A PROFESSIONAL OPPORTUNITY

On November 10th the signs read: "Straight ahead. No speed limit." On November 11th: "Halt! Road under construction!" But there were other roads; there was a tang in the air, and the old engine was never running better. Turn back? Never!

That is the way hundreds of college women felt that day and will continue to feel. After the zest of war work, there is no turning back for her. And why should she go back? All the old and countless new roads are open to women today. The war has made real thinking as necessary for the inside of a woman's head as a hat for the outside. Luckily, it has also made it an easier matter to translate thinking into action.

The Blue Triangle stands for one of these means of translation. This is the sign that has meant the most to women in war work since Uncle Sam enlisted and the Y. W. C. A. intends to have it mean even more in reconstruction.

Under the Blue Triangle there are various ways of using the college woman's general and special training. Any girl who has another language besides English can feel it a patriotic duty to take up work among foreign-born women in the International Institutes.

There she can help to make the future of America. If she is interested in social problems and enjoys her economics, she can join our social and recreational work among industrial women. A girl who is able to leave her home town, can do good work in club organization and activities in communities affected by the war. France, Russia, China and other lands are awaiting the girls of America. The Y. W. C. A. needs help in spreading their splendid ideals to those lands. Girls with heads for business or organization can do good work as cafeteria directors or business secretaries. No finer way of using a good athletic training could be found than in becoming a physical director or recreational leader under the Blue Triangle. The girl with a quality for leadership and insight into character can find inspiration and pleasure in joining our religious work.

Intensive and regular courses of training are provided in these subjects for qualified candidates in all parts of the country. Such a candidate for a position in the Y. W. C. A. must have a college education, or its equivalent in experience, or technical training in Household Economy, Physical Training, Business Training. She must be at least twenty-two years of age and a member of a Protestant Evangelical Church.

When you write your letter of inquiry, address it to the Personnel Bureau of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

* * A Hint to the Wise * *

Sonia, or *Between Two Worlds*, by Stephen McKenna, is one of numerous war books, but deserves a distinctive place, if for no other reason, because of its portrayal of David O'Rane, a most unusual character. Born the illegitimate son of an Irish lord, leading, during his childhood after his father's death, a hand-to-mouth existence on the highways and byways of the world, he eventually turns up at one of the great English public schools where he pays his own way by working during vacations. An enemy of all the world at that time because he has known little except the fierce struggle for existence, he soon comes in conflict with the long established custom of the institution. The account of the life there, of the change in David's viewpoint gradually brought about, forms one of the best parts of the book. The description of English social life before the war and during it, interspersed with accounts of the sittings and ineffectiveness of Parliament, is lightened here and there by vivid flashes: O'Rane returning from a summer spent in working among the laboring people of England, O'Rane returning from the continent where he, in Breslau, has been living the life of a merchant. There, at the heart of the nation among the common people, he hears its pulse throb, and on his return he either electrifies his friends or arouses their incredulity by his predictions of what is to come. Through the whole story runs the thread of David's love affair with Sonia, the sister of one of his school friends. Although distinctively above the average, one cannot help but be disappointed somewhat with parts of this book. If some of its vivid flashes had only been whole pictures! However it is well worth reading.

—'19.

✦ ✦ ✦ Here and There ✦ ✦ ✦

An entertainment was given at 4.30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, January 4, to the girls on Dining Room and Infirmary halls, by the Y. W. C. A. The program, which proved indeed interesting, consisted of a recitation by Julia Mahood, several selections by the Mandolin and Guitar Club, a recitation by Patty Buford, a ukulele solo by Frances Smith, a recitation by Ettie Jones, and a solo by Azula Walker. Refreshments were then served, followed by games, which were enjoyed by all.

On the day before the girls left for Christmas holidays, each girl made a contribution toward presents for the maids who work in the building. Each maid was remembered and it was with pleasure that they received their gifts.

On Friday evening, December 19, the old custom of hanging Christmas greens was observed. Greens were hung in the Association room, the reception hall, and in various offices.

According to our annual custom, at daybreak on the morning before the girls went home for the Christmas holidays, quite a number of girls assembled to sing Christmas carols. Accompanied by Miss Woodruff, they marched through the building and all around the campus, singing as they went. They paused by the Infirmary to sing several carols for the benefit of those who were so unfortunate as to be sick at that time, after which they marched up High Street singing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," and other beautiful songs appropriate to the Christmas season.

On Friday evening, January 10, some of the first professional reading classes, conducted by Mrs. G. H. Bretnall, gave a very interesting program.

Mrs. Kenneth-Brown, a native of Greece, who has spent a great deal of time in Armenia studying the conditions of this unfortunate people, spoke in behalf of the Armenians Sunday night, January 12. As a result of her appeal \$250 was pledged by the school.

* * * * **Hit or Miss** * * * *

Dr. Brydon (in a lecture)—All you need for your teeth is a tooth brush and some elbow grease.

Student—Where can we buy elbow grease, Dr. Brydon?

Miss Jones (in third grade, pointing to the flats made on the boards)—“Johnnie, can you tell me what we call these?”

After thinking for a minute Johnnie replied, “Flaps.”

Mary (after first professional English class discussion of Southern poetry)—Do you like Timrod?

Anne—I don’t know; I have never read it.

Olive—Why are you carrying so much butter from the table?

Mattie—I’m going to make some candy for the Armenians.

Olive—Won’t it be dreadfully stale before they get it?

Mr. Somers—Can you state the laws of least resistance?

Pupil—Yes, you can.

1st French Teacher—How do you say “kiss” in French, Bill?

2nd French Teacher—I haven’t ever bothered much about *saying* it.

Miss Randolph—Well, how did Hannibal get into Italy?

Irma—Through mountain passes, didn’t he?

Miss Randolph—Well, get up on the map and trace it.

Senior's definition of cussing—Words you don't hear often.

Maude (in first Professional History)—The last test that one of my teachers handed back to me she put etc. at the end of every question, so today when I took another I put it at the end of every question to save her the trouble.

Miss Ragland, in third grade—Make a sentence with the word cowslip.

Pupil—The cow slips on the ice in winter.

History Teacher—Miss Davis, give us the nature of the battle, Mylae.

Miss Davis—It is somewhat like a naval battle on land.

Miss Randolph—Miss Gresham, to what use did Hannibal put elephants in the second Punic War?

Miss Gresham—The elephants were used for artillery.

1st Professional (seeing the flute played for the first time)—Oh, it just tickles me to death to see the way Mr. Grainger takes his mouth off and puts it back.

A question asked on the second professional ancient history test concerning Solon's reforms was answered as follows: "Solon did a great deal to help the poor Greek pheasants."

The children in the fifth grade had to write an essay on the object of the war.

Mary's read thus: "The object of the war is to make fewer and better Germans."

Mr. Grainger (in 2nd Professional English)—When you go to Boston on your wedding tour, be sure to go to the public library in order that you may see the Arthurian pictures. I go there *every* summer.

State Normal School, Jan. 10, 1919.

Dear Folks at Home—Thanks for the candy. The piece I got was fine.

DOES THIS SOUND FAMILIAR?

"Bonjour, Mademoiselle, comment allez-vous?"

"Do you get that? See? See?"

"Just again please! How would you answer the same question?"

"G-i-r-l-s, this is a '*sarious quastion.*' "

"Put that word in your '*little*' dictionary."

"I want this to be a masterpiece."

"Whon that April-le with his shou-res so-te
The drogh-te of Marche hath per-ced to the ro-te,
And bath-ed eve-ry vey-ne in swich li-cour,
Of which ver-tu en-gen-dred is the flour."

"Hem-m-m."

"Beg pardon, he, he, he, he, he."

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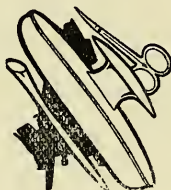


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